

SOUTH HEAD ROAD—NUISANCE

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(From *As Quater.*)

This appears to us the point of the whole matter. An addition of twenty-eight life Peers will not change the constitution of the Lords as it needs to be changed, if it is ever again to be an effective body; but still even twenty-eight strong men would increase its apparent energy, and that is so much gained. But the way to do this is to leave the Minister of the day unfettered in his choice, to let him put his hands by restrictions which limit his selection to the older men in certain departments of the public service, to worn-out members of the House of Commons, and to the best known members of the literary class, for that is the real meaning of the adjective "eminent." There may be persons in those classes who would be welcome additions to the Upper House, but a Minister is not so much likely to choose them as he is to choose from other classes besides. It may be said that if left untrammelled he would job; but we fall entirely to perceive how jobbery can be his interest. Men of mere wealth will not seek the life peerages while hereditary peerages can be obtained with so much less pressure—for wealth being the quality, the public does not rigidly scrutinise the quality of the peer, and so no other interest can be so preponderant as the interest of securing able debaters on their own side. Even the Tories will feel this, for with all their secure majority, they do not like to be hopelessly distanced in debate, and for the Liberals the ability of their supporters in the Lords is matter of life and death. They have no hope of a majority, and unless they can win by argument, or at least give their opponents fair excuse for resistance, they are powerless in execution. The Minister of the day is leaning on the Upper House, and he is leaning on the Opposition on all sides for recruits. So far as limiting the choice of Ministers, we believe it would be well for the country if they could ex-

UNIVERSITY CUBS.

told that they also shouted for "Church and State." Doubtless the poor young Prince fell to thinking what *he* had done that such a cry should be dinned into his ears. Did they suspect that out of his pocket-money he had bought a certain proportion of those votes which resulted in a majority of 118? Did they imagine that the innocent young Prince was in league with the *clergy* for the overthrow of his Royal Mother's throne? If they thought of anything, it meant that Prince Arcturion was no true friend of Church and State, and that they, the students, would give him evidence of their important loyalty. We are forced to confess an almost entire ignorance of the main circumstances in the life of Prince Arctur: but, on the other hand, we know of nothing which could warrant his being called the *traitor*. As he was only born in 1850, he could not have been at the establishment of a Roman Catholic hierarchy in England which was announced in that year. He took no part in the Russian war. The India mutiny broke out when he was seven years old, so that he could not have compassed much harm in that direction. Five years afterwards his brother declined becoming King of Greece; but surely that was not the result of traitorship. We cannot in any way connect him with the '63 carbide bomb which killed him with the other perils by sea and land, which a merciful Providence has visited upon this country since his Royal Highness descended to be born. In short, we are thrown back upon the conclusion that the lads of Trinity College had no political object to serve in howling as they did. They merely took delight in uttering that form of noise, as certain other animals appear to gain happiness by the vocal accompaniment to baying. It was "only their fun."

When, however, they descended from the

THE BOY OF THE PERIOD.

richness in a fashionable way. With him cherishes wife and a fast nag, a costly club and a chubbily curly-toe to fondle on his knee, an equally curly-toe to fondle on his ambition. He would not disagree with the old adage, but how? Wanting the wherewithal to do so, he makes a virtue of his fate, limits himself to billiards and cigars, and licks up the crumbs that fall from the social table with uncommon dable lack of—to use a humble word—spunk. And so he drifts along, gradually developing a cynical turn towards the girl of the period, and is notably eloquent on her extravagance and unfitness for wifehood, meaning, of course, unfitness to be the mate of such as himself. Yet he sees the girl of the period at her best, and she is charming in his disfavour. Her extravagance and wifely unfitness. Her parlours are open to him, her dress and jewellery are coquetishly worn for him as for nobler quarry; he mamma tolerates him more perhaps than he mamma young Van Dallah or Foozeoyle the whiskeyist, and her papa believes in his entire innocuousness, extends the pudgy grasp of friendship, and at odd times patronises him by buying his freshly-daubed canvas or sendalino him a hopeless note for collection. He endures all this without winking, for the breath of the society has become vital in his nostrils. He is somewhat refined, even a little of a Sybarite, so what wonder that he takes kindly to women who speak low and dress with an eye to the harmony of colour, who waltz ethereally, and are at ease with him because there is no necessity of keeping him at arm's length. He blooms out of an evening—not in a flaunting way, for your makeweight knows the value of moderation in dress and ties and bosom stuff—and enjoys easy chairs and softened light and the music of the piano and the allurement of company parlours to the full as much as any of their owners, and pays therefore in small talk and general usefulness. And his reward comes when he receives some such return and creamy card of invitation to all the tingling delights of crash floorcloths and Strauss's music and *glaces napolitaines* and chairs knotted lovingly in pairs with the filices of handkerchiefs and—six hours of society and bliss. He is not a domestic animal. How can he be? He has a hall bedroom in Mrs. Myer's fashionable house—some of the rooms in Thirty-seventh-street, not a stone's throw from his loved Avenue? He sleeps therein and dresses therein—it is chilly and fireless at times—and gets out of it as soon as he can. His waking hours fluctuate between the studio or office-desk and society; but in the rarer event of his being in a snug way a person of leisure, his time is wholly given to the one ambition of his life. On such

CROMWELL AND THE JEWS

The Jews made very slight progress in England until the Norman baron, with strong arm and greedy maw, invited the traders and tiremen of that race from France. Crowds of Jews now settled in Stamford and York; afterwards they came to Oxford and London; and during the first golden period of their return they occupied and enriched the cities by art and trade. In London they dwelt in two several places; both of which localities were determined by the fact of Jews being con-

The higher English knights and nobles and other reasons for their hatred of the Jews. Some of these nobles may have really feared as they certainly said they feared—that the richer Jews would bribe the courtiers against them. Such was the case with the Jews in Italy and Spain. Still, the Jews were no more "liberals," as it is called, than the Christians. Many of the Jews were learned men, and vulgar men are apt to laugh at them, which learned folk hold sacred. An Oxford Hebrew mocked St. Friswilde, saying he cure as many sick persons as the saint here. The legend runs that the mocking Jew died and hung himself in his own kitchen. It is perhaps a politic way of telling the tale of the persecution of popular Jews and their vengeance. Some of the learned Jews were learned in the way to excite suspicion. Some were alchemists, wizards, and astrologers.

Among the Jews themselves, Cromwell was regarded as the man to whom, under God, they are chiefly indebted for their happy return to their country which had cast them out for 4000 years. But Cromwell might himself have called them back. In the long career of his life, he has been noted by posterity for his piety, his courage, his pious and able Fortitude Jew; a Jew who, whose rather scarce Petition to his Highness (the Lord Protector) has been reprinted as a bourn in Australia; a city which is the population than Jerusalem, and which is a continent of which Manasseh never has a name.

An extra sink at one's plate in one's house

house, is supposed to be a delicate intimate "fork over."

BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.

(From the New York Tribune.)

AMONGST all the law cases founded upon somebody's undertaking for a good and valuable consideration to do something, and then, "though often requested," failing to do it, "sometimes the contract is express; sometimes it is implied; but a lie (if we may be allowed to use that word) is at the bottom of most litigation; and when we consider this fact, and also the crowded state of the dockets, the sternest of us is inclined to drop a tear, or possibly two, for poor human nature. But about a mutual promise of marriage, in which the parties have fallen from declarations of love to declarations in law, there is something peculiarly melancholy and mortifying, because life and love, in making their little annual contract, put themselves, as it were, upon honour; and we have never read the report of a breach of promise case in which there was not a development in the evidence of pretty mean behaviour upon one side or the other. It is, moreover, such a ridiculous ending, with such food for wits and sneerers in it. It shocks our notions of poetry to find a blushing timid, sighing, demurely suddenly transmuting into a plaintiff, however plaintive. It is such a wet blanket upon the ardours, the chaste desires, the burning vows, the fond oaths, and the fever of wooing! If we did not know that a great rascal may sometimes have been a petty love-maker, only to be reached through his pocket, we might wish this form of action impossible, since it brings such discredit upon moonlight, music, love, and flowers. We cannot bear that the golden should have been faithless, or that Malissa should have been regularly through the concealment feeding upon her damask cheek!

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are but the ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame."

I called her false; and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve.

My bright and cautious bride!"

Now it is possible that the gentleman who wrote this may have only added proof to the already damnable record of man's falsity; but can we imagine Genevieve jilted and bringing her action? The mere idea is too disgusting for contemplation!

The painful fact, however, is that the Genevieves, love-lorn as they are, do go more frequently than ever to the judicial tribunals for pecuniary consolation. Cases of this kind do seem to be getting nowadays more and more common in the courts, and we who read the newspapers regret to say that of late there is a great access of such actions to the calendar. Here is a case in this city of Isabella Mandeville (romantic name!) against Edward Birmingham—a name savouring of an iron heart! What could the jury have been thinking of when they gave Isabella only 100 dollars—hardly enough to pay for the rose-scented paper? Here is the case of Sarah Sherman (a name which hath a hard, metallic, practical sound) against Richard Benson (a name which might serve for a villain in romance by Charles Reade). In this latter action, being prejudiced probably by his name, the jury adjudged the defendant to pay the plaintiff 4000 dollars, which was something like. Here is the case upon which we commented the other day, in which the plaintiff was a lady "of African descent," and not one of

"The pale, unspiced beauties of the North."

Here are other cases many and melancholy—but let us forbear to detail the details. Rather let us, in pity, draw a veil over this black record of the perfidy of man!

There are two methods, which we may designate as the Grad-grindian and the Thomas Moorish, of considering these breaches of promise. A woman may say, "He said that he would marry me, and I made all my arrangements, and I am — dollars out of pocket; and as there is no reason why I should not make him feel financially his faithlessness, I mean to make him pay up." The last phrase may be odious to Angelinas; but when a right-minded woman says, "Pay up your damns!" at least we know exactly what she intends. If a lady can make up her mind to resort to this prosaic remedy for a broken heart, we have not a word to say, except that under such circumstances we should doubt the permanence of the fracture, and perhaps the painfulness.

There are cases, no doubt, in which the false Lothario should be punished in the only way in which it is possible to punish him; but if we were the wisest of the wisest, we should seriously of giving the money either to a Hospital for Decayed Singlewomen or to the Cornell University. This is a point upon which, not being ourselves a female plaintiff, or likely to be, we hardly feel competent to advise.

Secondly, there is the Tom Mooreish, or sentimental style of treating amorous falsehood. A deserted damsel, instead of bringing her action, may say, "Oh, wretched man; be happy if you can; but when you join the gay and festive throng, and other eyes than mine look love to you, remember that your own perjured vows, the lying utterance of your serpent tongue, the empoisoned honey of your perjured lips; that moon, that walk, that declaration sweet; the kiss that first you offered; dream of these until the whirling brain no longer thinks, and madness kindly comes to your relief!" &c. What man of the least susceptibility would not rather pay moderate damages than receive a blasting, nine-times-withering curse like this? How could any one expect to prosper in his business, whether commercial or amatory, after being the object of such a dreadful denunciation? Not only would it be neat and elegant and effective, but it would be at least five thousand dollars out of his pocket, and save the public, at the same time, from the scandal of an action in the Courts.

Perhaps we have spoken of this whole matter too lightly; but there always has been, and there always must be, something laughable about actions of this description. If, in spite of this, woman or man please to bring one of them, we have not a word to say, except that there is no disputing about tastes.

Jews in New York.—It may not be generally known that over 200 Israelites are practising law in New York. Being very ably represented on the bench of the highest court in the district, the Jewish lawyers of New York are among the most industrious and capable plunders. Judge Russell, of the Court of Sessions, is a Jew. In the United States the Hebrews at the Bar stand exceedingly well. It is by no means an uncommon occurrence to recognize in the Supreme or Superior Court, during circuit, the Jewish lawyers, earnestly engaged as being practitioners of the Jewish faith. We should like to see our Hebrews at the Bar associate themselves as Jews for a single purpose—abstention from work on the Sabbath Day. Saturday is almost a dies non amongst lawyers, scarcely any business is done in Court, and the closing, on that day, of offices belonging to Israelite lawyers, would entail very little sacrifice.

LEVIN CHILDS. "Mamma! Mr. Biffins very strong!" "Mamma! Mr. Little child." "Because he said he was going to take the ferry-boat over the harbour."

CANOE VOYAGE IN PALESTINE.

(To the Editor of the Times.)

SIR,—Ten days of active canoeing on the Sea of Galilee enabled me to inspect every part of the shores very carefully, and to map and sketch all the ruins, piers, and columns visible under water, but not to be seen conveniently from one of the few fishers' boats still used on the lake. Some of the results thus obtained are quite new, and may be of much use in deciding the site of Capernaum. Having gone down the Jordan to the third ruined bridge, in my canoe, I then carried the Rob Roy to "that ancient river, the river Kishon." This sluggish, deep, and dangerous stream bore me on the second day through a wide marsh, under the long slopes of Carmel. Except for its scriptural interest I found the river dull, and in its dreariest winding (perhaps not seen by man before) I stopped to lunch, while the sun gleamed forth after a morning of rain. At this point I was rewarded by a discovery of great interest to the student of natural history, for, quite close to my paddle-blade, there appeared the nose and open mouth of a crocodile. I knew the monster's face in a moment, for I had seen many on the Nile years ago, and one of those I shot is in my chambers in London. The Nile crocodiles know the power of man, and they keep out of his way; but I feared lest this new acquaintance might, in his innocence, snap at my hands, so temptingly near his open jaws, and I hurried away.

On the slimy banks further down I found numerous footprints of the crocodile's well-known paw, and when I stepped to examine these, there came a hard thump (evidently a crocodile's head) under the canoe, bumping at intervals with sound and vibration easily understood when long practice in sitting on the bottom of a boat has made you sensitive to the least touch of it from the outside. Dr. Sepp, Rabbi Schwartz, and Burkat assert that the crocodile has been found in some rivers on this coast, the Rabbi stating distinctly the river at Oarpha (i.e., the Kishon) as one of these, and I saw myself a crocodile at Nazareth killed four months ago in the river Zerkia, near Caesarea, by a person known to the Rev. J. Zeller; but no recent author I can consult at present appears to have seen a crocodile in the Kishon. It was stated also that the crocodile (supposed to be peculiar to the Nile) had been found many years ago in the Jordan, and in the book of Job it is written of behemoth, "he trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth." I have just returned from a careful examination of the lake, a few miles from Nazareth, and there at least the traces of his feet, on the sand, but the water of the Jordan is now too high for an exhaustive search, although many of the bays and bende in dense jungle and hot muddy banks seem to be just the places where the crocodile would flourish, and they ought to be carefully examined when the stream is low. I hope also to search the banks of the Tiber, near Joppa, next week in company with the Count Cabaja, the Austrian Consul. Here and the consuls of France, Russia, and the United States very kindly help Mr. Warren's work by their friendly co-operation and official influence. Lastly, I transported the canoe to the river Belus, where glass was first discovered as the result of lighting a fire upon its sands, and thus once more reaching the Mediterranean Sea I paddled across the bay to St. Jean d'Acre, and landed there, no doubt the smallest craft that ever came to that ancient fortress.

As a complete contrast to the scenery on rushing rivers and lovely lakes visited in the canoe, I would try now to tell something of what can be seen underground in Jerusalem by an ordinary traveller who visits the excavations there in progress by the "Palestine Exploration Fund."

The topographers and archaeologists of the world have doubtless pursued with deep interest the letters from Captain Wilson and Lieutenant Warren which from time to time have appeared in your columns on this subject, and which many newspapers in other countries have copied. Though Jerusalem is now more than it has been for centuries a focus of inquiry for the student and of interest for thousands of Moslems, and for all Christians and Jews who read their Bibles, yet there has been undoubtedly a dull apathy about the whole subject which it is difficult to account for, and which is only now being removed by what you have published as to the feasibility of bringing again to light at least an image of the magnificence and grandeur of the Holy City in ancient days. Four weeks spent in diligent work among the ruins here have shown me that to see them properly would need as many months of energetic investigation; but, as most travellers here have only a limited acquaintance with the subject and a brief time to enlarge their knowledge, it may be for the benefit of new tourists—and they are now arriving in batches of twenty at a time—to be told what can be very well seen even in a single day.

For this purpose Lieutenant Warren meets us in the morning early, clean, in a blouse of genuine mud colour, and a sergeant of engineers has long papers at the cord promenade. Down the mouth of a square shaft a rope ladder is lowered until the brown bare legs of a swarthy native from Siloam can stand on the upper end. One by one party lessens on the surface as each disappears underground, and our last glimpse of the upper world rests upon two enormous stones in the massive wall of Moriah, and which, by their curved edge projecting, show that once an arch was there. Mr. Robinson, the first traveller to remark this, is called "Robinson's Arch," and we are going down fifty feet below the present surface to see what can be found below of this old bridge at once hidden and protected by the debris of centuries.

The hole we are in is like a well, but it is lined with strong planks, and at the dark bottom our passage is through an opening as if into a kitchen grate, where we grope on all fours, with a hard knock on the head now and then, bending sideways too, as well as up and down, until suddenly the roof becomes rugged and crooked, indescribably contorted by angles, all of them the corners of well-cut stone. For here we are in the confused heap of huge voussoirs of arch-stones which, once high in the air, spanned gracefully the rocky vale between Zion and the Temple. At the siege of Jerusalem Titus parleyed with the Jews across this gorge, and then these stones were hurled down here, and with what a crash! Upon them, hidden by their own ruin, new buildings arose and gardens flourished. These also were laid low, and on the desolate mounds the present houses stand. The Jerusalem we see to-day is not the real Jerusalem. That is buried under fifty feet of wreck and confusion, but in its forced silence somehow it speaks eloquently, bidding the Christian and the Jew to leave its burden off, to open the dark to light and air, and to read in the covered relics the story of past times. Therefore we look up and around on these old stones, and seem to listen

with an inquiring gaze, for nothing of their rich old masonry has been spoiled by this turmoil above. Older than these, we notice among them one stone like the rest, and yet more hoary than the others. It is part of a still more ancient bridge across the rocky cleft, which was steep at the sides, but now is filled up by 50 feet of rubbish. David in former days may have marched over here. Certainly many kings and prophets after him have trod upon these stones.

Tanks, cisterns, aqueducts, pavements are made to us underground. Once we have got down we can see by the magnificent light a subterranean city, the real city of Jerusalem. The labour of building this, and of now mining into it when buried, is forgotten in wonder as we gaze on the silent relics or wander about the caverns echoing a hollow voice. But for this we must be agile, like cats or monkeys, and follow Mr. Warren, complacently crawling on his back through a dark crevice. Another great arch, called Wilson's, also now buried, is to be seen without much gymnastics. This also spanned the same valley and the rock-cut passage for troops may be followed as it winds among ample halls, until we are suddenly barred by the walls of a modern house, which is an end terribly prosaic for a romantic journey.

Here we are reminded of the numerous and great difficulties to be overcome before even an excavation of this kind can be made in Jerusalem, and of the many different people with whom Lieutenant Warren has to contend. First, there is the Supreme Government, the local Pasha, the Patriarch, or Archbishop, the Christian sects, the Rabbi and Moslem too, the owners of the soil, the military, the tenants of the houses, the surrounding neighbours, the Consuls of various Powers, the excellent sergeants and corporals of English Engineers, the native workmen, and, finally, the British public, who, perhaps, expect that we should find at once, and in a city twenty times raised, and as many times pillaged and harried in ruins, fine marble statues or golden censers, or even the manuscripts of the Bible. Relics such as these are, however, to be found chiefly in tombs or other sacred spots, and it is precisely there that sentiment or prejudice or allowable reluctance opposes a barrier harder than porphyry. Yet it must be confessed that the larger and more philosophic design of those explorations now being pursued will always be more appreciated by those who come here and see what has been uncovered, than by those who are at home and do not see the sculptures, or numismatic lore brought back to England.

Impressed more than ever with the importance, the extent, difficulty, and interest of the work, its necessary expense and permanent value, we climb again up the rope ladder. Daylight regained seems bright, cheerful, and warm, but somehow too garish also. No mind worth having but must have been stirred deeply by the sudden scene below. The thoughts down there are now like the dream of a past night, when we awake to a common workday morning, and soon the calm Moslem with his bare legs rolls up the ladder in a pile upon his back as we follow down the valley to "Job's Well." Near this Mr. Warren once wriggled through a dark hole in the rock and opened up a splendid tunnel. At this 200 feet are long sloping stairs from the top to the ground above. Through each of these, now fully opened, we can look down and almost see the clear water which runs rippling at the bottom, coming whence no man can tell, but it flows plentifully at the end, and then runs along the Kidron Valley till the roots of thirty olive trees lay it up dry, and you may ride on for hours below in the course of "the brook Kidron" only upon hot stones bleached white in the sun.

A little further up this valley we look into a deep cave where the Virgin's fountain is running in smooth pools of rock. A network of water channels was once under Jerusalem, perhaps not less wonderful than the towers and pinnacles and palaces in the daylight above. Jews men have dared to follow Mr. Warren in the amphibious tour of the Jerusalem watercourses. In this one, for instance, the water comes first from the Pool of Siloam, and it swells up high at uncertain moments as you squeeze through a passage in the dark, wet up to the shoulders, and where the chin must be raised at "high tide" to keep nose and mouth from being filled. Mr. Warren, indeed, seems to have a subterranean vision of light at least an image of the magnificence and grandeur of the Holy City in ancient days. Four weeks spent in diligent work among the ruins here have shown me that to see them properly would need as many months of energetic investigation; but, as most travellers here have only a limited acquaintance with the subject and a brief time to enlarge their knowledge, it may be for the benefit of new tourists—and they are now arriving in batches of twenty at a time—to be told what can be very well seen even in a single day.

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Funeral.—The friends of Mr. CHARLES CLITHERO are respectfully invited to attend the funeral of his late wife, Mrs. CLITHERO, to leave from his residence, Campbelltown, N.S.W., THIS (THURSDAY) AFTERNOON, at 2 o'clock. FUNERAL at 2 o'clock. Undertakers, Newtown.

Extension of Electric Telegraph System to all Port Towns in the Colony of New South Wales.—It is hereby notified, for general information, that the Hon. the Governor, with the advice of the Executive Council, has been pleased to sanction the extension, from the 1st July next, of the advantages afforded by the Electric Telegraph to the public throughout the colony, by authorizing postmasters at places where there are no telegraph stations to receive and forward messages by post to the nearest telegraph station, and has directed that a fee of tenpence be collected on each message so transmitted, in addition to the ordinary telegraph charges, such fee to be levied in order to defray the cost of postage, remuneration to postmen, &c.

Information as to telegraph rates, &c., can be ascertained at the various Post-offices throughout the colony.

THE SYDNEY MEAT PRESERVING COMPANY.
(Limited Liability.)
Capital—£50,000, in 25,000 shares of £2 each.
Of which £10,000 is paid up.

Deposits payable on allotment 5s per share, remainder by instalments of 5s each, or by cash, or by not less than three months, on call from the directors.

PROVISIONAL COMMITTEE:
Hon. Robert T. Esq., S. C. Esq.,
Hon. J. H. Esq., J. A. Esq.,
R. L. Esq., J. A. Esq.,
R. B. Esq., J. A. Esq.,
R. G. Esq., J. A. Esq.

The Bank of New South Wales.
Messrs. Barton and Mohr.

This Company is established for the purpose of assisting in the preservation of meat, and of procuring the same for the Colony and Queensland, and of procuring the same for exportation to Europe of the Meat which is now almost entirely wasted.

The operations of this Company will be the first instance to be given to the adoption of a method of preservation which is thoroughly scientific, viz.—that of preserving meat in a hermetically sealed tin, and of procuring the same for the Colony and Queensland, and of procuring the same for exportation to Europe of the Meat which is now almost entirely wasted.

Other methods of preservation, when fully proved, will be introduced by this Company, if found to be more profitable and better suited to the taste of the consumer.

As an evidence of the great insufficiency of animal food for the people of Europe notwithstanding importations into England from America and other places, amounting to nearly 60,000 tons of preserved meat per annum, one, alone, of the principal provision dealers in London had, according to last advices, orders booked for 3,000,000 lbs. of American meat, and there is no doubt the demand will greatly increase when the excellence of our Meat is more widely known.

It has been estimated that to supply the deficiency of animal food in England upwards of 7,000,000 sheep would be required annually.

It must be evident to every one acquainted with the price ruling in these countries for the meat of the sheep, that it is not only profitable, but a most profitable business, to preserve meat for the Colony and Queensland, and of procuring the same for exportation to Europe of the Meat which is now almost entirely wasted.

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As an evidence of the great insufficiency of animal food for the people of Europe notwithstanding importations into England from America and other places, amounting to nearly 60,000 tons of preserved meat per annum, one, alone, of the principal provision dealers in London had, according to last advices, orders booked for 3,000,000 lbs. of American meat, and there is no doubt the demand will greatly increase when the excellence of our Meat is more widely known.

It has been estimated that to supply the deficiency of animal food in England upwards of 7,000,000 sheep would be required annually.

It must be evident to every one acquainted with the price ruling in these countries for the meat of the sheep, that it is not only profitable, but a most profitable business, to preserve meat for the Colony and Queensland, and of procuring the same for exportation to Europe of the Meat which is now almost entirely wasted.

It is hoped that Shareholders and others interested in the preservation of meat, and of procuring the same for the Colony and Queensland, and of procuring the same for exportation to Europe of the Meat which is now almost entirely wasted.

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IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Capital, £1,000,000. Reserve fund, £250,000.

Established in 1863. Losses paid since foundation of the Society, £1,132,000.

Insurance effected on buildings, merchandise, &c. ships. Losses from fire by lightning made good, and all claims on adjustment paid in Sydney.

YANNING, GRIFFITHS, and CO., Agents, Spring-street, Sydney.

PRINCE OF WALES OPERA HOUSE.

LAST NIGHT BUT ONE OF
MR. HENRY TALBOT,
the celebrated SCOTCH TRAGEDIAN,
who will appear TO-NIGHT, THURSDAY, at
JOHN MILDMAY.

THIS EVENING, Thursday, June 24,
will be presented Tom Taylor's modern play of
STILL WATERS RUN DEEP.

John Milmay, Mr. HENRY TALBOT,
John Milmay, Mr. HENRY TALBOT,
John Milmay, Mr. HENRY TALBOT.

After which the celebrated Fall of Wolsey, from
Shakespeare's
Cardinal Wolsey, Mr. HENRY TALBOT.
Cromwell, Mr. H. N. Douglas.

Mr. HENRY TALBOT has the honour to announce to
his SCOTCH PATRONS and the CITIZENS OF SYDNEY,
that his farewell BENEFIT and LAST APPEARANCE
will take place TO-MORROW EVENING, on
which occasion he will appear as
HAMLET, BENEDICT, KING LEAR, SHYLOCK,
and OTHELLO.

Mr. STEWART
has kindly consented to read
A MODEL OF A WIFE.

TOMMY DODD, TOMMY DODD, Tommy Dodd,
Meet me on Saturday Evening, AFTER DARK.

WELL to be sure, WAX MATCHES, one penny a
box, AFTER DARK.

SATURDAY EVENING, June 25th, LONDON
LATER DARK AFTER DARK, AFTER DARK.

CLARK'S VARIETIES.
The PEOPLE'S THEATRE.

TO-NIGHT.
MR. JOHN CLARK, Proprietor,
by his fellow-citizens, as a token of their appreciation of his
entire energy and perseverance as the promoter of popular
amusement at million prices.

THE WIZARD OF THE WAVE.
Miss CLARA STEPHENSON.

CAPTAIN FALKNER and the UNKNOWN.
MR. SEBASTIAN HODGES.

SCHOOL OF ARTS.—Miss JAMES (by special
request) will give a grand EVENING CONCERT,
at the Sydney Hall, on MONDAY, July 12th.

WOLLABRA YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.
PROGRAMME FOR MUSICAL AND LITERARY
ENTERTAINMENT TO-MORROW EVENING,
Friday, June 25th, in the Schoolroom, Point Piper Road,
commencing at 8 o'clock.

Part I.
Chorus—"Away, Away" (Marsellio-Auber)
Reading—"O'er the bright blue wavelets dancing"—Miss
Wiemann
Chorus—"How bright and fair" (Rossini)
Solo (soprano)—Mr. Edwin Cobley
Recitation—"The Olden Days" (Mrs. W. W. W.)
Recitation—"O'er the hill over the dale"—Miss W. W. W.

Part II.
Fantasia (Piano)—"Oberon"—Mr. Edwin H. Cobley
Solo (soprano)—Miss W. W. W.
Solo (soprano)—Miss W. W. W.
Solo (soprano)—Miss W. W. W.

GRAND MASONIC BALL, THIS (THURSDAY)
EVENING, the committee will be in attendance at
the hall until 10 o'clock, to issue tickets.

GRAND MASONIC BALL, THIS EVENING.
Brother John Clark has consented to act as M. C.

GRAND MASONIC BALL.—The GERMAN
BAND is engaged.

GRAND MASONIC BALL.—Carriages will set down
for the hall at 10 o'clock.

GRAND MASONIC BALL.—Refreshments by Messrs
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BEZIQUE.

Just landed ex Southampton and Northampton.
THE ROYAL GAME OF BEZIQUE.

No. 1, Goodall's, containing 2 packs of cards, 40 4 6
No. 2, ditto, ditto, 40 4 6
No. 3, ditto, ditto, 40 4 6
No. 4, ditto, ditto, 40 4 6
No. 5, ditto, ditto, 40 4 6
No. 6, ditto, ditto, 40 4 6
No. 7, ditto, ditto, 40 4 6
No. 8, ditto, ditto, 40 4 6
No. 9, ditto, ditto, 40 4 6
No. 10, ditto, ditto, 40 4 6
No. 11, ditto, ditto, 40 4 6
No. 12, ditto, ditto, 40 4 6
No. 13, ditto, ditto, 40 4 6
No. 14, ditto, ditto, 40 4 6
No. 15, ditto, ditto, 40 4 6
No